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FOUR PAGES

B. J. BROWN'S CATS

By J. M. Sweeney

Ben John Brown, of Okotoks, Alberta, has two claims to distinction—his high-pitched nasal swearing and his cats. You have often heard men swear like Ben, but I doubt if you have ever seen cats like his. I'll tell you about them.

There were five of them altogether, two black-and-white ones, one black, one gray, and one russet. They were all as large and as fierce as badgers. Each one possessed a distinct individuality and almost a distinct expression of the features. In common they were all lazy and surly except one, and he was the most despicable of the lot. His name was Herb Smith.

Herb Smith, so named by John Brown Jr. in honor of his best friend, was the gray one. He was a hypocrite, a liar and a sneak, and accordingly was despised by his fellow cats and us, his betters. Fawning upon Pat, the bull-dog, he would keep an eye on Pat's dinner, and if he could not steal it, he'd slash the poor old dog with his claws and dive under the kitchen floor. The only decent thing about him was his name.

Directly opposite to him in nature was Russ, the russet. Russ was the biggest and ugliest of them all, but he had an air of serenity and self-confidence which commanded admiration. He was of the "strong, silent" type. He believed in minding his own business and in others minding theirs. He had dignity and poise, and good sense. He was the lone wolf of the gang. He never looked for trouble, never avoided it and was always in it. He and the two black-and-white cats waged incessant and merciless war.

The last two were named von Kluck and Pershing, in consideration of their warlike aptitudes, since the Browns came from "the good old U.S.A.", Pershing got his name for being a masterly and intrepid warrior. Von Kluck was cowardly and a strategist. But regardless of their names these two cats were sworn allies. Perhaps it was their resemblance in color, perhaps they had "national aspirations" in common, perhaps kinship existed, or perhaps they faced the same economic and social problems. But whatever it was that united them, they were blood-brothers. Like all good allies and brothers, they fought each other when Russ wasn't around. In these family affairs Pershing always beat von Kluck, or rather, he always ate the gopher.

We could never agree on a name for the black cat. He had two outstanding traits of character. He was a philosopher on the one hand and an ardent fight fan on the other. I, being the school-teacher whose word should carry weight, argued that we should call him "Woodrow." The Browns Sr. held out for "H. W. Wood," and the Browns Jr. were divided between "Slats" and "Tommy." We agreed to disagree, and called him "the black cat." But he was too sensible to care what we called him. He would doze away a whole day on top of the hen-house, dreaming his dreams and looking complacently down upon a delirious world, wherein the dog barked, the hen cackled, the baby bawled and Ben swore. But at the first long-drawn wail from Russ which betokened battle he would become electrified. He would be down off the hen-house and away at a gallop

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YO-HO-HO AND—

By Dorothy Hartshorn

The Styxian shapes of forty black shadows glumly loomed in the gloomy greyness. To my wearied surprise they changed both their minds and forms too often to count, and I saw with startling rapidity of rotation forty this and forty that until my mind gave way with the effort to follow them. Just as it gave, four engineers and I in a yellow boat on a foamy sea dashed into the picture.

The first had hair as pure as the driven snow, turned that way from excessive worry over crossword puzzles. The second had a questioning look and an address book in his hand which he waved aloft from time to time. The third wore a puzzled frown on his alabaster brow and a peculiar way of walking tucked under his left elbow rather handy for use. The fourth was a nondescript little man continually shaken with sobs as in a wailing voice he told his woes to the universe.

"The unkeyed letter in the first horizontal is the same as the unkeyed letter in the tenth vertical," worried the first engineer, as he wound his long white locks between his fingers. "40, Lethan Highway, Hades Junction?" queried the second engineer peevishly of the fifth changing shadow.

"The Never Never Land!" exclaimed the third engineer, Peter Panishly, as he waved his hand to the distant short line where the shades of former beer bottles danced emptily in the wind.

"Hic," gurgled the fourth engineer as he buried his face in the crest of an amber wave.

"Beer," puzzled I speculatively as I sniffed the spray which intermittently bumped my nose.

"Aye," rumbled a hollow voice at my feet, "the shades of all the forty beers consumed by all the engineers." As I stared with fascinated fixity Davy Jones appeared through a knot-hole in the floor of the boat. I recognized the old man from the long black locker he carried under his arm.

"We are, we are, we are," croaked the four engineers dismally and fell

backwards as one man. Mr. Jones drew a long silver key from his matted grey locks, and laughing in fiendish glee he threw wide the locker's lid. The four engineers by this time were peering over my shoulder. Four dry rattles issued from the black depths of the box, and a long white emaciated creature raised its hoary head protestingly from its last resting place.

"The Shade of Wully Woolly, who suffered nobly from drastic trepidations while he was upholding the honor of the engineers with forty beers," announced Davy Jones for all the world like a circus manager exhibiting some three-headed writhing monster.

"Drastic trepidations," I murmured, "do they hurt much?"

"Hurt!" boasted Davy Jones, as he stuck his thumbs in his arm-holes and struck a haughty attitude. From this I strongly suspected that Mr. Jones had once been an engineer. He went on in a superior manner: "Hurt, why they tear a man's heart from his breast and tie it into a knot."

"Oh, I am so sorry," I piteously sympathized. "He should have called in a Med—"

Hardly had the unfortunate word time to cool—

"Med!" shrieked Davy Jones, as he hopped on his locked lid, and executed a heart-rending war-dance. "Med!"—foaming at the mouth the four engineers ripped out their hair in bunches and threw it feverishly to the four winds of heaven. Uttering one piercing shriek they advanced upon me in a whirlwind. With one agonizing movement I sprang to the gunwale, and waving them a fond farewell I leaped into the beery main with the graceful undulations of a mud-turtle. As my head disappeared beneath the amber sea my chin struck violently against the library table as I slid down in my chair. Straightening with a guilty start, I glanced covertly around to see if any one had observed my slumber. The place was silent and empty except for four engineers snoring musically on each others' shoulders in a corner.

A SOPH'S STORY

By H. D. J.

I was just a Soph of nineteen years, ungainly, dull and tall, As green as any lizard, yet I thought I knew it all. When I did go to Varsity, but I chopped up wood and chored For Zephaniah Wilkinson to pay him for his board.

One day Philetus Phinny, another Sophomore bean, About as big and rough as I, and just about as green, Just hinted in a sort of way 'twould be a right good trick If we could get together and a smaller Freshman lick. Philetus said he'd lick him till his back was awful sore, And when he'd begged and hollered that he'd throw him out the door. We told some Sophs at dinner of the little plot we'd planned, They said that if we needed them they'd lend a helping hand.

I went into that Freshman's room, and said, "My boy, look here, If you don't quit acting quite so smart I'll lick you without fear." And that scrawny little Freshman, why, he bounded from his chair, And he grabbed me by the collar and he held me in the air. Round and round he hurled me till I thought that I should die, Then he beat me with a ruler and he almost made me cry. And big Philetus Phinny he was just too scared to laugh, And he watched the Freshie lick me while I bellowed like a calf.

And when the Freshie'd knocked me round for half an hour or more, He took a final swat at me and threw me out the door. I'd had a lesson taught me, and I'd found it didn't pay To fool with little Freshmen if you didn't know their way.

REQUIEM TO THE MOON

By R. V. Clark

Pale moon in the morning light,
Dim and lonely and ghostly white,
Swinging low on the western sky
In the wake of the flying night.

Long hours you have ruled alone,
Bright and clear on your starry throne,
Haughty and cold in the heavens high,
You have claimed the world your own.

Gaunt wolves have intoned your praise
Howling aloft soulful lays,
The trees and creatures of earth have joyed
To bask in your royal rays.

Sink down to the Western verge
Exiled queen with doleful dirge,
The King your master is in the East
And his claim to your throne does urge.

See there with the rising day
The fickle earthling's homage pay.
Looking east to the Sovran Sun
To the sound of the herald's lay.

Sink down for your reign is o'er,
As Cleopatra on Nilus' shore
Welcomed death like a royal queen
With the Roman at her door.

THE INITIATION OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF

(Told by Himself, and Transcribed by
HUGH BOYD)

As thou knowest, Hal, in my youth I did amass a goodly portion of the learning I now have—which is considerable—at the University of Alberta.

They have in that place a truly barbarous custom, whereby new students, yclept "Freshmen," do suffer most grievously a species of torment such as they do practise in Spain. It doth appear that each Freshman must subscribe to this torture, yet did I not deem it possible that they would dare to lay hands on Jack Falstaff.

Natheless, these scurrilous knaves, these gross Sophomores, did violently grasp me, and though I fought valiantly, and did smite full half a score to the earth, yet at length was I taken from behind, and so made fast. It was in truth a goodly combat, such as I love; it remindeth me of Shrewsbury fight, when I did with mine own hands slap Hotspur—nay, interrupt me not, Hal. Well, let go; I am not given to boasting of my valour.

Now, mark me well, while I relate the shameful indignities I did suffer from the hands of these vile knaves.

First, they did make me to doff my buff jerkin and to encase my person in my night attire, and when this was done they did crack unseemly jests at my dimensions; doubtless they were envious of my well-favored form.

They now did bind mine eyes with a napkin, and did roughly secure my hands behind my back. A plague upon the villains!

Then was I hustled rudely along divers passages until my breath did totally leave my body. Anon they brought me up a stair, which, truly I took for the ladder, and with cause, for now they halted me and said that I was in the presence of the judge.

"Zounds," said I to myself, "this

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B. J. BROWN'S CATS

(Continued from page one)

to the seat of war. Once arrived he chose the highest perch he could find and, comfortably seated, watched them fight it out with all the gusto of a country boy at the circus. He never gave us any indication of which side he favored, but it was generally believed that he was slightly prejudiced against the allies. However, that was purely speculative. I believe that he would have been highly offended at being accused of partisanship.

I remember one evening I was sitting on the school steps wishing that all country schools were city schools, when my attention was drawn to the cats. Pershing was under the wagon watching Russ, who was coming up to the school-yard for bread snaps. He seemed to be oblivious of Pershing's presence, or at any rate, he betrayed no signs of recognition. Looking around for von Kluck, I was surprised to find him nowhere in evidence. "Well," thought I, "there will be no fight. Pershing is too wise to go in without reserves. Dirty old Hughie! That's a good one on Pershing. I mustn't forget to tell that to Ben." Well, I was wrong, for out came Pershing from under the wagon and blocked the road to all russet cats. Old Russ halted in his tracks, flattened back his ears and said in a guttural undertone, "Get out of my way! Leave me alone or I'll chew an ear off of you!" But Pershing came nearer. "Watch out!" shrieked Russ in a rising crescendo, and at the same instant a black streak came round the corner of the barn. "Here's Kluck," said I, but I was wrong again. It was "the black cat" in a hurry. He took in the situation on the fly, stopped indecisively at a fence-post, changed his mind and scrambled to the top of the wagon-box. He was in luck this time. The show hadn't begun yet. But Pershing and Russ were paying no attention to spectators. They looked one another straight in the eye and called one another all the dirty names in "cat" that they could think of. They cursed and swore and blackguarded. They interrupted and contradicted each other. They raked up family history back to the Flood and spat it forth. They used up the adjectives and fell back upon the interjections, and cursed high heaven when the interjections gave out. They howled in agony at their limitations of expression and, in despair of further investive, jumped on one another and started to tear one another into shreds.

And where was von Kluck? Von Kluck was up on the wagon-reach, where nobody could see him. He was up there enjoying all the bad language, and gloating over the great evil that would befall Russ when the guns began to roar. Those two hot-heads below were good rowdies, but it was himself that had the brains. Like the French general, he declared that it was magnificent, this martial music, but it was not war. Well, the fight was on! He jumped down and hurled himself into that swirling mass of black and brown. I don't know how he got hold of the right color, but he seemed to have an instantaneous effect. The hurtling ball came apart, and Russ ran up a fence post. From this vantage point he admitted defeat, but defied his enemies.

And "the black cat" up on the wagon-box wrapped his tail comfortably around his feet, composed himself for the evening, blinked his litle eyes slowly, and watched the sun go down.

MARIONETTES

(Acadia Athenaeum)

The leaf-bare trees on yonder hill,
Are marionettes in gray;
Grotesquely peering down the street:
Their pointed arms and rigid feet
A part of the leaden day.

A far blank sweep of silent snow,
The first drop curtain falls:
A marionette all nervous stands;
Wind-prompted, claps her jointed hands,
Stiffly a-tune on the white-wind wails!

THE INITIATION OF
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF

(Continued from page one)

is but a prologue to the gallows, if faith, and the hangman is not afar off."

The judge did now address my jailers, and asked wherein I had erred. They answered, that I was too bulky, and did occupy much space without paying taxes for the same, that I wore not my ruff in the manner prescribed for all Freshmen, and that in short I was a most resolute rogue.

On this the judge spake to me roundly, and did call me an addlepated fool for being guilty of these things. At this I waxed wroth.

"Out on thee, sirrah," quoth I, "an thou ceaseest not thine idle prattle, I will scotch thee with my bodkin. Yea, thou false villain, were my hands but loosed, I'd make thee to roar like a bull-calf, by my troth!"

The judge answered me naught, but regarded me coldly, and then turning to mine escort, spake these mystic words; "Number three."

I do remember but dimly all the outrages these damned scoundrels next did unto me. Thou knowest, Hal, that I am as valiant as Hercules, but the torments I did suffer were in sooth greatly beyond human endurance.

I do remember me that among other things, several stout fellows did pluck hold of me and having led me up a steep and narrow plank, did force me to bend myself in front. Thou art aware that I have not put on mine own shoon for full two score years, and e'en at that period was I possessed of a plump round body and a portly belly. Therefore it inconvenienced me much to change the stately perpendicularity of my carriage.

As I was in this posture, a hard substance did smite me behind and I was thrown with violence in the air. I did alight on my head in some soft material—what, I know not—but directly I did strike it I was hurled upward with great force for a distance of fully fifty feet. As I dropped earthward again the same soft substance met me and flung me e'en higher than before. This was done unto me many times.

Then was I dragged forth, and harshly bade to crawl into a barrel which, it was apparent to me, did remain suspended in the air. I had to obey, perforce, as a host of stalwart ruffians did egg me on with their swords. But as I sought vainly to force my superfluous flesh within this same cursed barrel, it did burst asunder, and I did flatten my stomach against the ground. Thereat greatly incensed at the loss of their barrel, they did bear me away to fresh tortures.

Briefly, they did make me to swallow a villainous concoction, known to alchemists as Castor Oil, and as I was yet spluttering, the base dogs did empty a sack of flour into my mouth.

Then, while twelve fiends did hold me fast, the Devil himself did shear off my raven locks, together with my beard and mustachios, which were—as now—the envy of every gallant and the admiration of all the pretty wenches in town.

Lastly I was plunged bodily into a tub full of a beastly fluid, and my head and countenance covered with some sticky stuff. Alack the day when I first thought to cram my head with bookish learning!

Then my bonds were loosed, the napkin which covered mine eyes was torn off, and I once more did look on the light of old Phoebus. A ruffian of stern appearance clad in a woollen doublet—by these barbarians yclept "sweater"—bade me to get down on the ground dog-wise, and to crawl thus as rapidly as I was able a distance of about ten score yards.

"Anon, anon," quoth I, for indeed I was quite without wind. This pleased them not, and I perceiving the same, became exceedingly mad and said:

"Have done, ye most specious rogues, and get ye gone, for though I am without arms, I will make ye rue the

chance that brought ye up against Jack Falstaff, with nought else but my arms."

So saying, I set upon them valorously, and with my fists dealt many full lusty blows, so that upward of a score of them bit the dust. Yet as there was a very great number of resolute fellows arrayed against me, I was at last borne down.

Then was I obliged to crawl briskly on mine hand and knees while an hundred bold stout knaves smote me from behind with staves, so that I was sore distressed. But anon they tired of their sport or took compassion on me, for they ceased to be-labour me and helped me to arise.

And thus was I, Jack Falstaff, initiated, as they call it. Methinks that most of the knaves that did force these indignities upon me, yet bear the marks of that hot encounter.

But, Hal, I would fain erase these things from my memory. Let us to the Boar's Head Tavern, I prithee, and quaff a goblet or two of good sack, for 'tis full half an hour since I did last wet my lips. Marry then, sweet Hal, let us hence.

(Exeunt)

THE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL-
ROOM

By H. D. J.

The Czechoslovakian tutor was there,
Under his frame a Paris-green chair,
A Latin-French paper in his hands,
A Grecian statue before him stands.
In German he talks to the Chinese class,
Of Roman stories present and past;
That happened in Africa, Sicily or Crete,
Or in Switzerland's narrow Venetian streets.
The Russian scholars all priced up their ears
And the Japs near the back shed sorrowful tears

In sympathy with the Norwegian Gods
Who fell in the battle of Appleton-Lodge;
And the Swedes on hte left laughed a loud
Hee-Haw

When they heard how Hector slapped Hercules' jaw;

While the Yankees claimed that was nothing at all,

They were the ones who could play baseball.

The Eskimos ate their diplomas all up,
Because they were made from the skin of a pup.

While the Negroes, descended from Borneo monks,
Chased up and down doing all kinds of stunts.

Turkey's responsible children were there
Pulling all the young Persian girls' hair;
While New Zealanders' coats and hats in a pile

Mingled with those that were brought from the Nile.

The Scotchman's tam and Irishman's pipe,
The Englishman's topper and Canadian's bike

Were piled in a heap in one of the corners
With little or no regard for the owners.
A Bohemian glass-blower blowing his nose
Made the Greenland stand as if he were froze.

Egyptians, Nigerians marched in a row,
Reading quotations from E. Allen Poe.
Young Spaniards danced to the tamborine chimes

Eagerly snatching up nickels and dimes.
Hawaiian maidens glided hither and thither,
But would sooner have taken a dip in the river.

And so nearly every country was there
To help turn the color of sweet teacher's hair.

GRAY AND GOLD

In gray and gold the moments fly;
Like desert sands they pass us by
Simoons of time sweep to and fro
The gold of dawn and sunset glow,
The gray of dusk and sodden sky.

Now cast too low, now raised too high,
And we who ask our tragic "Why"?
Are part of Fate's queer puppet show
In gray and gold.

When dreams of love charm mind and eye,
When days of old give love the lie,
When trusted friend turns sudden foe,
When moons of mirth rout clouds of woe,
The looms of Heaven our patterns ply

In gray and gold.

WANTED: A VIOLA

By Dan Riley

SCENE:

Burbage's office; the morning.

CHARACTERS:

Hollar, a clerk.....Shak.
Burbage Jr.....Shak, actor
Girl Dick Hathaway
Minister Condell
Girl's Father.....Shak. Co. actor

H. (enters): Hm—a bad morning for things to go well! Yet I have seen darker days in mockery to all that was fair. Here is Burbage elder abed, so Richard will be down—he likes Hollar not over well.

(Picks up sign) Here is our placard—hang it out in front and the play is on—(reads): "Wanted—A Boy Actor"—a stupid device, but it is part—so out with it! (hangs it out). Hm! Foggy as ever—no one will see so far as to read, so there is no harm in't. Young Burbage will be here soon with oaths fit to gain a commission from old Queen Bess, who still imagines herself young as the new century. Well—t'copy out the last of Twelfth Nights parts, to have them at last correct.

B. (enters to desk): That deaf old fool doddles around like an old woman! Curse me if it isn't as dank in here as outside. Hollar—is there anything to eat around here?

H. (comes forward): Good morning, sir. What?—a fine morning—

B.: It's not!

H.: I didn't quite catch—

B.: I say it's a fine morning (shouts it). Stop rattling your old bones!

H.: Hm!—he always repeats what I say—always!

B.: Did you place that notice out? I suppose seven o'clock is too early for young bucks to be abroad in anything but their bathrobes to the ale house. Damme—here we must come to the Middle Temple by February—three months—with the new play Twelfth Night—and no Viola yet. S'Heud to do something—

H.: Have patience, sir. I have hopes. I have hopes, sir. Now your father says—pray how is his mind?

B.: Worse! He thinks the same as you. S'lid Patience! I have kicked my heels a week and a half, while the others play cherry pit a shilling a throw with the money we retain them on! I say we must have a Viola if 'tis the Devil's son himself t'take it. The part is no scratch, sir, no moment's capering to keep the pit i' the humor. I say six months were more proper for one these unvalanced—'tis damnably hard, and the commission is a fat one—not to be lost.

H.: Aye, there is little of the woman in them an spite their art of filling, piping and mincing. And as I understand it, sir—your liberty, sir—this Viola as a girl impersonates a boy who is a girl disguised as a boy. In reality a boy that impersonates a girl who disguises herself as a boy, and yet must so impress as a girl, though a boy—who—'tis difficult—

B.: Stop! Cease for God's sake. Go mumble your gums elsewhere!

H.: What? Oh, yes, I didn't quite catch! But to continue. She must—or he must—as you will or what you will, show delineation of such fine feminine points as—a liveliness, yea, and a boldness. Not too timid to sing or speak in a good voice, though daring, not brazen. Not consistent with these moods, but essentially the woman who hath a love for her brother, and a great weakness for the Duke—ha!—S'Breath—

B.: Aye, aye.

H.: Delicate in all this, eloquent as all women and ready, yet fine—think'st thou?

B.: Aye, aye.

H.: Hm, yes. She is shy—and paradoxically honest, yet in all fine—eloquent.

B.: Aye, eloquent.

H.: And as a boy most uncon-vincing.

B.: Ah, gad, Hollar, for someone to carry't away, eh?

H.: Aye, let us hope. Now, Master William—

B.: S'Blood, I am mad again!

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THE STUDENT WATCHWORD

(A report of an address given by Premier King to Toronto Students.)

"Your watchword and motto should be 'Endurance,'" said Premier King when he addressed an audience of University students that filled Hart House to the doors recently. Sir James Barrie recently suggested "courage" as the greatest quality student should strive to acquire. Rudyard Kipling thought that "indifference" was best, but the Prime Minister urged the cultivation of physical, mental and spiritual endurance. "Make good use of the great gymnasium which you have in this building, and lay the foundations for physical strength which will enable you to fight the world's battles. I would also like to see the chapel standing close by the gymnasium, that you may have some great idea of the relation of personality to the Infinite. Make religion a very real part of your life, because righteousness exalts a nation."

Mental Strength Important

Mental endurance was also very important. He advised the students to beware of narrowing their interests and to cultivate a mental strength which would enable them to meet the stress and strain in the situations which they would encounter in later life.

"Make the most of your opportunities," he said. "Take a share in the wide activities of the university, and do not become limited in your scope."

Premier King expressed his great admiration of Hart House, and thanked Vincent Massey, who had given the students such a magnificent building for their own use—thanked him, not only in the name of the university, but on behalf of Canada, for the splendid gift of the student building. He termed it "a noble example of a fine public spirit," and expressed his hope that Mr. Massey would consent to become one of the trustees of the National Art Gallery at Ottawa, as a part recognition of his services to the Dominion.

On Familiar Ground

As a graduate of the university, the recipient of an LL.D. degree and one time associate editor of the undergraduate paper, the Prime Minister was naturally delighted to renew his associations with his Alma Mater, and to live again in the surroundings which had meant so much to him as an undergraduate. Sir Robert Falconer was complimented on the high quality of his work as President.

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THE WORM

By Dorothy Hartshorn

You have no laws to bind you,
No one to say: "It is not done."
Yet do you ever long to soar to
heights immortal,
To raise your sullen head above the
sod?

You curl your lip at customs
And sneering say they gall the soul
of man,
Yet do you ever wonder why God
made you
To nibble at a cabbage leaf and die?

Lifts twists your fat moist earthiness,
You become the food of fishes and
of men.
Yet do you ever ask why hob-nailed
Justice
Bruised your feeble body with his
tread?

You suckle the breast of Nature,
And filth-covered crawl the teeming
earth.
Yet are you doomed by non-resistance
Never to feel the ache of questing
doubts?

WE lift our heads in anguish,
And moaning, stretch our hands for
silver moons.
Yet are we bound by insane Fates
More free than thou, O worm?

THE THREE DESERTERS

By Edmund J. Thompson

On a low hill, standing knee deep in
grass,
Stood three passive oxen, chewing
their cud.
The land lay quiet in the summer's
breeze;
The warm air undulated from the
hills,
Which stretch with rounded crests
no two alike,
Dotted with willow groves and poplar
trees.
There in among the hills are scatter'd
sloughs
On some sides border'd with low wil-
low scrub;
And growing in those sloughs is
dark-green grass,
Rank, sweet, luscious, which cattle
love to eat,
Wading in water cool, and belly-deep.
But what swelling rumble rouses the
oxen?
Over a hill a quarter mile away
The van of half a thousand cattle
comes!
Wandering purposeless over the range
These three strange oxen they have
stray'd across.
Th' invaders and the strangers stand,
and gaze

For one brief minute, then they haste
to meet.

The hard bony rattle of cloven hoofs;
The clear, ringing, bell-like tones of
the steers,
Shrill, ending in a soft intaking gasp;
The low rolling, rumbling roar of the
bulls,
A deep bass to the music of the
herd;
The mellow seducing call of the cows;
All temper'd through with quicken'd
beat of hoof,
As tramping, stamping, on they come
to meet,
And in a trice become a surging mass
Of milling beef, three oxen in their
midst.
The oxen jumping, dodging here and
there,
Avoiding the horns of a jealous bull,
Here a moment's duel with some up-
start steer,
There thrill'd with the touch of a
heifer's nose,—
Until they are acquainted, and the
herd
Goes on its aimless way, three oxen
more
To swell its numbers; and not far
away
A settler searches hill, and bluff, and
slough,
Seeking those three oxen to hitch to
his plow!

LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR

By M. M. Stapleton

It was about the middle of May. My father had sent Mat and myself out to a camp to move some cattle from one field to another, where the grass was better. We arrived late in the afternoon, and were heartily greeted by Slim, the man stationed there. There had never been much love lost between Mat and Slim because of a horse trade in the past in which the latter had got the worst of the deal. This night all went well; Slim had not seen anyone for a month, and any company looked good to him.

The next morning the horses were run in, breakfast was cooked, and we were ready to start shortly after daylight.

"Got a horse you can lend me this morning, Slim?" asked Mat.

"Shore! Here's a good gentle cow-pony," was the reply, as Slim's rope settled over the head of a strongly-built grey. Mat, taking the horse, saddled him. He was apparently gentle. I knew the horse, but said nothing. After the grey let Mat get about half-way up he decided it was far enough, and tried to replace him on the ground by jumping away and starting to buck as hard as he could. Mat was not to be dislodged, however, so the horse soon gave it up. Later on in the morning Mat rode over to me. I had noticed he wasn't talking to Slim.

"I'd like to know what that long streak of misery thinks I am. I don't mind a horse bucking, but this one isn't even bridle-wise. You can't turn him."

About ten o'clock it began to rain, and no one having a slicker we were all soaked to the skin with a cold spring rain. It wasn't at all conducive to good spirits, and my companions became more and more sullen toward each other. We put the cattle over on the good grass, and returned to camp about three o'clock, hungry and wet. There being no dry wood in, it was nearly six when we had a fire and got supper cooked. The hot coffee and biscuits tended to soften my associates, but did not bring them back to good nature.

The next day at noon it was still raining. Slim informed us that he was going to town for supplies. He'd have to have some if we were going to spend the summer with him, he added sarcastically.

"Bring us a deck of cards, said Mat. 'I'll pay you for them when you get back and know how much they cost.'"

"No! No cards in this house as long as I'm here," was the reply. "Cards bring nothing but trouble. Don't you think so, kid?" he addressed me. I smiled as I replied that I didn't see any harm in them. Before this he and I had played a good many games.

He returned towards night, threw his sack down on the floor, and began to take off his slicker. Mat immediately went to where the sack was and emptied it on the floor. Some bacon, a can of jam, and other things fell out, but no cards.

We began to prepare supper. Slim cut enough bacon for himself and put it on to fry. Then he and I went out to get some wood. When we returned the room was blue with smoke; the meat was burned black.

"Why in hell didn't you take off that meat!" roared Slim.

"I didn't have anything to do with it. Thought maybe you liked it that way," said Mat coolly.

Next morning the clouds had vanished, and the sun was shining. Mat and I rode off early, glad to get away; but Slim had actually cheered up from the time he first looked out and saw it had cleared up, for he knew we'd be going then.

ACT III.

Two Months Later

(Pi-Ka-San alone, working over papers.)

Pi-Ka-San:

One and four and six—ten thousand yen,

(Continued on page four)

On The Banks Of The Yang - Tse - Kiang

ACT I. By Kenneth MacKenzie

Pi-Ka-San and Pan Durb

Pan Durb:
O! Hail to thee, dread sovereign,
Pi-Ka-San,
Mightiest ruler since the world be-
gan.
I hope your Highness spent an easy
night,
And that the all too early approach
of light
Did not disturb you from your slum-
bers soft,
For generally when first the sun
aloft
Begins to throw her brilliance about
Most people must desert . . .
Pi-Ka-San:

O silence, hush!

Can you not see that I am far from
well?
Can you not read the story my eyes
tell
Of shattered bliss and all that sort
of thing—
A mien that least befits a noble king.
All my kingly treasures count for
nought
Beside the weight of what I haven't
got.

Pan Durb:
It can't be money, and it can't be
power,

For already you have heard that our
Great armies Asia have over-run,
And now return a-bringing, ton by
ton,
A wealth the dream of princes.

Pi-Ka-San: No. 'This not
Anything which may that way be got.
I suffer from a greater lack than
this,

I want a thing that all my forays
miss;

I feel my soul is being denied a bliss
That rightfully is hers.
I do not ask another piece of money,
But what I seek is just a little fun—a
Thing to bright my life so drab and
dun (aside) he
Won't forget my purse.

Pan Durb:
And that is all. Oh, Eastern Pearl?

Why! All you need is just a girl.
Give me a moment at the near
frankaiyit

(Or telephone, as Western people
say it),

And I will find a young companion
From the great western land of eter-
nal sun.

A noble maid, sweet, charming and
yet pert—a

Sunny product of far-off Alberta.
And in order that the best be had
Your fair friend must be a sweet
co-ed.

Throw off these burdens from your
troubled mind,
And I the original dressed cure will
find.

ACT II.

Pi-Ka-San and Pan Durb

Pi-Ka-San:
O! Is she here? Pan Durb, I'm all
agley,
What if the maid decides she will
not stay?
Shall I sit straight? How is my
gown?
O! Dear Pan Durb, which, smile or
frown?
Am I all right? My pigtail pleated?
(Enter Sally Waters unex-
pectedly.)

Sally:

Oh, don't mind me. No! Pray be
seated,

And since I've come to stay I might
Be just at home. A dance tonight?
You know I have not danced a step
For the whole voyage—that is except
A little every night on board.

Pi-Ka-San:
How do you do. Upon my word
You justify Alberta's boast,
No fairer face from coast to coast
Than yours. Can I do enough
To make your stay . . .
Sally:

O can that stuff.

Say! Please recall that I must eat,
A hungry maid just off the street.

(He rings, gives orders, a tray is
brought in, and Sally eats
healthily but daintily.)

What a great change one ample meal
will make,

What scrumptious buns your Chinese
chef can bake.

Now. When I am here from Canada
many a mile,

My wardrobe is completely out of
style.

And first of all I feel that I should
own a—

Bout two dozen like that silk kimona.
And I can't wear this aged travelling
suit—

One like that waitress wears is kind
of cute.

And something must be done with
these big feet,

They're only three—but hers are far
more neat.

I'll want those gowns, and oh! of
course, some shawls.

Furnish my room in white with
creamy walls.

One car will be enough for now, I
think.

Could not I wear that very shade of
pink.

But goodness! Six o'clock! Oh, I
must fly.

(Exit, calls back)

Two tickets tonight for Madame
Butterfly.

THE STUDENT WATCHWORD

(Continued from page 3.)

"I hope that you will keep in mind the great objective of larger service to your country and to your fellow-men," said Premier King. "Many of you, no doubt, will enter political life, which is a worthy aim. I deplore the tendency on the part of some supercritical people to make light of the work of men in public life. The fault does not lie so much with the men in public life, but with the men who should enter public life and do not. As Goldwin Smith said: 'Politics is the greatest of all callings, and the meanest of all trades.'"

Main Duties Outlined

"Do not forget the obligation that you owe to those who have made it possible for you to enjoy the privileges of university life, and be guided by the spirit of noblesse oblige," he urged. "Your first duty should be to your parents. A man will be a better citizen if he keeps in the background the thoughts and prayers of his parents as the influence which had guided his whole life. Your second duty is to the university. In almost any activity of life you will carry away something of an inspiring character that will help others. The third of your duties is to your country. Canada's greatness depends not so much on the material as on the spiritual side. The greatest service that the British Isles had rendered to the world was the idea of public service and public duty, which had been instilled by the universities of the Old World into the minds and hearts of the men who had gone out from the Motherland to take up the burdens of the New World."

Sees Growth of Fellowship

"In the future I foresee the fellowship of mankind growing out of the fellowship of university men. Every one of you who may travel into foreign fields should carry with you the gospel of good-will to every country on the globe, and further the great ideals of mankind."

Warden J. B. Bickersteth welcomed the Prime Minister to the student building, and entertained him to lunch in the Great Hall, after introducing him to the President of the Students' Administrative Council and other heads of student organizations.

WANTED: A VIOLA

(Continued from page 2.)

Where is that nimble-witted Shakespeare? Here he has made the pie, and no one to eat it! No sooner we pay him for't—quicker than we can intent on buying land, butcher shops, read it he breezes off to Stratford, or houses t'make himself solid. What! Was he not to be back this day? I'll leave it to him.

H.: As I said—I have hopes.
B.: Oh! damn your hopes! What do you know? We haven't all the time you have to waste. And these unpracticed striplings! Most unconvincing as a boy. Bah! Not an inch of the man to them to catch e'en a far gone lovesick eye i' the galleries (he struts a little).

H.: Um! 'Tis well when elder experience fails. 'Tis said a free look at a half-crown seat may end at a pound before the night is through.

B.: Now what am I to understand from this?

H.: Ha, ha, ha! To pretend he doesn't know these understandings of the seat. Well, it costs—it costs—though the last time but cost him his breath up the stairs, for't came out that William the Conqueror was there before Richard the First. He, he, he, ha, ha, ho—ah! my lungs!

B.: Now, you leather pated old—I suppose the pit has it. A score for William—my count's next.

H.: We'll see. Does one and one make two? We'll see.

(Burbage sits at desk. Glares front stage.)

(Hollar at side copies MSS. Glances to door)

B. (shouts): Hollar!

H.: Yes. Ah, my back! (Comes

forward) I didn't quite catch what you—

B.: I say is Shakespeare back!

H.: Are you aware of his presence?

B.: No.

H. (going back): Hm! It's all right, then.

(More time passes)

B.: Hollar!

H.: Yes. Ah, my back! You were saying?

B.: I wasn't saying anything. Did you put that sign out?

H.: If you didn't see it someone with more intelligence might.

B.: Well, make another to put on the other side of the door!

H.: Hm—that means a woman went past. A woman that's a woman can easily turn his head!

(Time passes.)

B.: Hollar!

H.: Yes, there! I didn't quite hear what—

B.: Never mind what you didn't hear. Has anyone applied yet this morning?

H.: Ah—N-N-No, sir.

(Door opens. Girl enters.)

B.: Well, damn my soul once more—is anyone going to apply.

G.: Yes, I am.

B. (swings around): Oh-h-h—y-y-you are. Hello, Hollar! Who the Devil is that?

H. (snaps it out): How the Devil do I know?

G.: May I come in?

H.: Pray enter. Don't mind our language. You see, the habit—

G.: Oh, don't scold him! I don't mind.

B.: Hollar, shut up. Ah—

H.: You see, I hear of—the Devil—every day from father, only he calls him Apollyn. I know all about him—that is, the Devil.

H.: The Apollyn she says. "A posterior"—Ah, yes! This seat—

B.: No, no! This one. Hollar, stop that tittering, this is no damned nonsense.

G.: Oh, you are so nice! Thank you.

B.: I believe y-you said—so you want to act!

G.: Oh, I do!

B.: Hm! But I would say your father is a scholar, a Puritan perhaps or—ahem—ordained.

G.: Oh, he's a minister—but don't let it worry you.

B.: The Devil—the poor Devil!

H.: As you see, actors perforce must swear by habit. It's no fit place or company—

B.: Get to — out of here and mind your own — business!

H.: You see? Really he is out temper since he can find no Viola.

G.: Who is she?

B.: A young woman—only her father's happily in Elysium.

G.: Oh, I know. A character!

B.: Why, yes! How—

G.: Does she swear?

B.: Why, no! What—

G.: Oh, well—but I could swear if I had to and still not be damned, because someone else wrote the words.

Oh, you see, father says all actors are damned, but I don't think God would damn anyone for being nice like you, Mr. Burbage!

B.: Hm! Humph. No, no—would they, Hollar?

H.: Oh, no, no, no. Hm!

B.: But don't you see it is impossible. A girl as a girl. I mean—you have never seen—

G.: Oh, my reverend father let me accompany him to see my aunt at Cambridge, who was rich and had no children and liked me. Oh, it was splendid! I mean I was only fifteen then, and very good, so I was taken to see the Queen's students play "Loelia." Only they spoke in Latin, like Jesuits—or Popes, or Spaniards, or professors. I like English better. It was nice, but the girl's parts were so stupid I wanted to shake them.

B.: So do I.

H.: I, too, though I don't matter much.

B.: Hollar, this is better'n's been at court for five years! But you haven't seen any other plays — plays like Shakespeare's! Or read—

G.: Oh, but I have! Though it makes me pray more. You see, I tell papa I need money for the poor!

H.: That us, Burbage!

G.: And the wicked.

H.: Us, too, I suppose.

G.: Then I buy the quartos, and see the plays, though one day a man scared me. But one of the fine ladies who I had seen in the galleries, and seemed so much like—she seemed like someone in the plays—took me in her carriage, and asked all about me. She told me to come here.

B. Now, I wonder—

G.: It's wicked, but I do love Rosalind, and Hero and Titania. So you see I am not what I seem to be. I love to act them.

(Continued in next Supplement Issue.)

BACK OF THE FRONT

By L. H. N.
(What the Inside of An Organ Reveals)

Have you ever found yourself wondering what lay behind the array of pipes and woodwork which you recognize as a pipe organ? Few realize that in this as in other things appearances may be deceptive. An organ may have a brilliant and imposing front and yet have very few pipes to support appearances. This means that its tone will be weak and thin. On the other hand, a very modest appearing organ may have a wealth of pipes and tone concealed within. Far from being a kind of huge picture in a gilded frame, which might be hung upon a wall almost anywhere, a modern and extensive pipe organ must have an amount of space assigned to it often equal to that of a small house.

To follow the tuner on his rounds when he opens some panel and enters into this region of mystery (behind the array of pipes) is an experience not to be forgotten. Facing us stand long rows of solemn looking square columns whose tops rise in a kind of giant's staircase out of sight in the upper dimness. These are the wooden diapasons for the pedal organ. Equally impressive are the round and more slender metal pipes of the trombone stop, which is also played by the feet. We move along a kind of narrow sidewalk, and on every hand are pipes of all shapes and sizes. At one point we seem to be looking into a rather narrow valley with sides curving up to the vertical in tiers of pipes growing from those not much longer than an abbreviated pencil to those eight or ten feet high and proportionately broad. All of these are played from the manual which controls this, the great organ.

We climb some narrow stairs, and wind backwards and forwards in this labyrinth of columns which might resemble some sleek prehistoric forest or some hall of pillars and shadows in ancient Karenak. We can now peer out through the tops of the dummy pipes which show their gilded sides to an audience. Turning about we are facing a towering box-like structure with rows of closed doors along its front. By the pressure of a foot the organist can softly open the padded doors simultaneously and gradually.

Holding up the light we take a glimpse inside. Here again are pipes packed in ascending scales, hundreds and hundreds of them. Many have flared trumpet-shaped tops and curious headdresses and caps which give them characteristic tones. One metallic row is the Vox Humana stop, next to it the Cornet, and many others such as the Voix Celeste, Piccolo, Violin, Flute and Aeoline. We have been gazing at the swell organ, so called because by means of the shutters of the box in which it is enclosed the tones of the pipes within may be made to grow softer or louder at will.

If by chance the organist is present, and makes all these dull and lifeless looking tubes come to life in glorious chorus while you are still amongst them, all words fail at description. The flooring trembles and your frame is pulsing with harmonious vibrations; as the music swells, all sense of weight dies away, and your disembodied soul seems buoyed up in a vast harmony.

THE CHURCH

By R. V. Clark

Round me the walls of the church press hard in their colorless bareness, The brown wooden roof frowns above me depressed by its weight, Ugly and plain are the pews in their rows, like deal kitchen tables; The women arrange their furs, while the men just silently wait.

Why am I here with this herd of men in this tomb-like building? Why, when I close my eyes to escape from the lights cold glare, Do I wait in this prison shut in from the beautiful moonlight, And the starry spaces of night with its pure sweet air?

Hush, he will soon be here, the man with the keys to heaven (I mean not the pompous man who troubles my soul with words), But he who sits out of sight near the golden organ, And draws from its depths, deep thunder or voices of birds.

Silently poised in the air half-way 'twixt the door and the altar, Scarcely perceived, there arises a tremulous note,— Swells like a wave and breaks on the walls in a vast crescendo, Sweeping the people and pews away on its bosom afloat.

I too am swept on its surging and rhythmical motion, Like a gull lull'd to sleep on the swinging of slumberous seas My soul mounts aloft past the stars to the portals of heaven, And I enter for one brief span, let in by the organist's keys.

Back in the church a man is pointing the way up to heaven, Proving his words are true with a logic beyond dispute, When will his tongue be still'd and his words give place to music, And I return to my dreams to the sound of the organist's lute?

ON THE BANKS OF THE YANG-TSE-KIANG

(Continued from Page 3.)

Three and five and eight and six again; One hundred thousand yen for that alone! Such reckless spending ne'er before was known. Believe me if all those endearing young charms, Seemed half so dear once as they do now, I should have sought refuge in war's alarms, And offered my sword to Chu-Chin-Chow. O Sally, reckless Sally, Sally Waters, Costliest by far of all Eve's costly daughters, My mighty wealth is fleeing to the wind. In two brief months you've spent the gold of Ind. Once a rich prince and now a pauper, O Heaven, teach me how to stop her!

ACT IV.

Sally, 14 trunks, Pi-Ka-San and Pan Durb.

Sally:

Once more unto the West I trek To specialize in Poli. Ec. But you've been very good to me, I'll remember you at Varsity. Of course I'd stay, but times are slow, And then, you haven't got the dough. For Sally must be clothed and fed— And today I got a note from Ed., So best of luck and nothing worse.

(Exit Sally and trunks)

Pi-Ka-San:

Farewell, thou harpy of the purse. Ah! The lesson has been hard and long, But now I see, and I was wrong. But come, Pan Durb, let's play Mah Jongg.

(To audience)

Pan Durb his chair a little closer draws, And the curtain descends 'midst thunderous applause.

(Curtain)

THE GATEWAY

MANITOBA vs. VARSITY

Ladies' basketball play-off in Varsity gym, Friday, Jan. 30, at 8 p.m.

INTER-VARSITY DEBATE

Manitoba and Alberta debate in Convocation Hall, Friday, Feb. 6.

No. 15, Vol. XV.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1925

FOUR PAGES

PLANS LAID FOR MEMORIAL DRIVE

Committee Appointed to Canvass Undergraduates, Alumni, Staff and Other Interested Parties

OTHER PROJECTS

Tag Day Proposed — Turner's Drama, "Lilies of the Field" to be Presented in Aid of Fund

Twelve thousand dollars is the sum of money to be raised, throughout the province of Alberta, for the University War Memorial. Organization is complete, and on February 1, at 9:00 a.m., a wide campaign, typically collegian in its originality and vigor, will be launched to obtain these funds.

Full responsibility of the campaign has been given by the General Memorial Committee to a finance committee appointed by the Advisory Council of the Alumni Association. This finance committee has been at work for the past two months, and its report is "Organization complete." To realize its aim of reaching every member and friend of the University of Alberta, various sub-committees have been appointed. The Campus Committee hopes to collect from every undergraduate; another committee will reach all Alberta graduates on the campus. The Edmonton City Committee expects to collect some thousands of dollars from the University City—An April tag-day is included in its program. A Calgary Committee has been assigned a goodly quota, and feels assured of success. A Musical Committee hopes to interest the music-loving public of the province in the project.

The Alumni Association is imposing on itself tasks. Each member of the Alumni is to be asked to contribute \$25. The Association will further swell the total by the production of "Lilies of the Field" by John Hastings Turner. Alumni plays have always been popular at this University and "Lilies of the Field" should not prove an exception to this rule.

"POISONS" SUBJECT AT CHEM. SOCIETY

Mr. Arthur Scroggie, of Industrial Lab., Speaking to Meeting of Chemical Society

On Wednesday afternoon, January 21st, Mr. Scroggie, from the Industrial Laboratory, spoke before the Chemical Society on the history, use and detection of poisons.

He began by giving various definitions of a poison. The definition commonly accepted is, a substance which can be absorbed by the blood and when given in sufficiently large amounts produces toxic effects in a healthy animal.

At least a few poisons were known by the earliest peoples. As far back as we have any record savage tribes have used poisoned arrows. During the Middle Ages professional poisoners appeared, who would for a fee administer fatal doses to anyone from a king downwards in rank.

Identification of poisons at this time was very crude, and depended on magic. It was thought that gall stones would absorb poisons from wine.

Since the advent of qualitative chemistry in the eighteenth century, the means of detection of poisons has gradually been bettered until at the present time there is a fairly definite procedure for their identification.

A sample supposed to contain a poison is divided into a number of portions. One portion is then examined with a lens, in order to detect suspended matter of a poisonous nature. If it is acidic or basic, tests are made for the strong acids and strong bases. The solution is then distilled, first from acid and then from alkaline media. In this way volatile poisons, such as alcohol, cyanides, aldehydes, nicotine and conium are obtained. They are detected by their odor or by certain specific reactions. Organic matter is then got rid of, and the solution tested for the metals.

On a second portion tests for the non-volatile organic alkalis are carried out. The sample is extracted with various solvents, and the extraction product evaporated to dryness. The residues obtained are tested colorimetrically and examined microscopically. These findings are verified by the physiological action of the substances obtained.

Poisonous gases are generally detected by their odor or color.

In conclusion, Mr. Scroggie stated that, that which is one animal's meat is another's poison. For instance, strychnine is not harmful to birds, while hemlock which is fatal to cattle, does not affect goats.

Among the interesting facts brought to light during the discussion after the meeting was the statement that 0.0001 grains of arsenic could be detected.

The next meeting will be held on February 4th, at which Mr. M. G. Sturrock will speak on the manufacture and use of soap. All those interested are cordially invited to attend.

Union Meeting Passes Four Amendments to Constitution

Poor Attendance But Much Business Covered — Committee to Select Graduating Pin—Meeting on Memorial Next Week

Four amendments to the constitution of the Students' Union were passed at a poorly-attended meeting of that body on Wednesday, at 4:30, in Convocation Hall. An announcement regarding the sentences of the Students' Court, the appointment of a committee to select a standard graduation pin and the appointment of a large committee to redraft certain sections of the constitution, were also important business items dealt with by the meeting.

After a bare eighty members had taken their places in the hall, President Levey called the meeting to order, and the minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted. In answer to a question asked by Mr. O'Brien at a previous Union meeting, President Levey stated that Medical Service fees paid by the students are never used to pay for medical treatment received by members of the faculty, their wives or children.

President Levey next gave a report of the meeting of the Memorial Committee, which he had attended as a representative of the student body.

A letter was read from Mr. J. T. Jones, asking permission for the Memorial Campaign Committee to send a representative to a meeting of the Students' Union as a part of the campaign. After some discussion, a motion granting this permission was received.

Amendments
Mr. Mitchell introduced an amendment to the Election Act, making the date of the elections two weeks earlier than the date at present provided for. This was seconded by Mr. Devlin. Mr. Campbell moved an amendment to the amendment, which made provision for a change of one week only in the date of elections. Mr. Davies seconded this amendment, and after a great deal of discussion the amendment to the amendment was carried.

Mr. Macdonald introduced an amendment to the Undergraduate

Publications Act, authorizing a specific committee to award decorations, not to exceed two in one year, for literary service to The Gateway. The motion was seconded by Mr. Watts, and was carried without discussion.

An amendment to the Women's Athletic Act, providing for more complete recognition of merit in certain branches of athletics and for some recognition in certain branches where no decorations had yet been authorized, was introduced by Miss Caswell and seconded by Miss Folkins. The motion was carried.

Mr. Barker introduced an amendment to the Athletic Association Act, authorizing the awarding of decorations in certain athletic activities, boxing, wrestling and swimming, in which there is at present no recognition for merit. Mr. Gale seconded the motion. Mr. Barclay moved that the amendment be amended by the addition of the word "tennis" to the list of activities affected; this was seconded by Mr. Macdonald, and

(Continued on Page 4.)

VARSITY HOOPERS DEFEAT 49TH 27-25

Show Complete Reversal of Form to Take Third Game of Series

MUIR AND STEPHENS STAR Varsity Plays Great Defence to Hold Militia Sharpshooters to Low Score

After dropping the first two games of the four-game series with the 49th Battalion team, the Varsity and showed a complete reversal of form to defeat the militia men 27-25. The game was played at the Armories last night, and the few people that were there were treated to a real exhibition of the hoop pastime, in which the green and gold warriors never dropped the lead after the first two minutes of play. The game was not marked with the rough tactics of previous encounters, and as a result less time was taken for shooting fouls.

Captain Muir and Syd Stephens shone on the forward line for Varsity, each annexing seven points. Husband and McLaren on defence put up a stonewall game, the former holding sharpshooter Parney to two field baskets.

For the soldiers the Crozier brothers were the big noises, with fifteen points between them. McAllister and Dunswoth on defence played whirlwind games, and also helped their team's total by seven points.

Blake Brunson and Bill Hanna handled the whistles, and the final game of the series will be played in the Varsity gym on Saturday night.

The lineups were as follows:
Varsity — O'Brien, centre; Muir (7), Galbraith (6), forwards; McLaren (2), Husband (5), defence; Bryndleson, Stephens (7), subs. Total, 27.

49th — J. Crozier (6), centre; K. Crozier (8), G. Parney (4) forwards; Dunswoth (3), McAllister (4), defence; Perrine, Conrad, Whitelaw, subs. Total, 25.

SENIORS DISCUSS CLASS PIN AND MEMORIAL

A meeting of the Senior Class was held last Friday, at which several important matters were broached. Suggested designs for the class pin were passed around, and after the usual discussion a motion was passed that the most suitable designs be posted on the bulletin board, so that all Seniors may affix their names to the design they consider best.

The question of a permanent graduating pin will be brought up at the Union meeting, but as the outcome is problematical at best, it was thought wise to follow the course of action indicated above.

A Memorial Committee was chosen consisting of Miss Silverthorn, Miss Studholme, and Mr. A. P. Devlin. One of these three is chairman of the committee, which will submit suggestions for a class memorial.

A vacancy on the executive was filled by electing Miss Alice Joyce to the position.

The last date for receiving epitaphs was announced as February 7, and for having pictures taken as February 12. In this connection it may be well to point out that the words of the Chinese poet apply with peculiar force, "Eventually, why not now?"

NOTED HINDU WILL BE ALBERTA GUEST

Mr. Ariam Williams, of Ceylon, India, Visitor Here Feb. 5-10 — To Speak on Ghandi

Alberta is to be favored next week by having as its guest Mr. Ariam Williams, of Ceylon, India. During Mr. Williams' visit here he will be entertained in the University residence, and the committee in charge of the arrangements for his visit have planned an exceedingly busy five days for him. He will arrive from the east on Thursday, February 5th, and will leave again on his homeward trip to India on Tuesday, February 10th.

Every effort has been made to comply with the requests of the various organizations anxious to secure him to address them. While a great deal of his time here will be taken up in meeting these smaller clubs and groups, plans have also been made for several meetings which will be open to the general public. On Friday evening he will be in attendance at the inter-Varsity debate in Convocation Hall, and it is confidently hoped that he will consent to speak to the audience for a few minutes on debating in the Indian colleges, and give some of his impressions of English and Scottish debating. On Saturday evening he is to be the guest of the Historical Club, and on Sunday will speak in Convocation Hall at the morning service, and in one of the city churches in the evening. On Monday evening he will give a public address in Convocation Hall on the subject of "Ghandi."

Mr. Williams was born in Ceylon,

INTER-VARSITY DEBATE FEB. 6

Debaters New in Inter-Varsity Circles—Brown and McLennan From Manitoba

The seating capacity of Convocation Hall will no doubt be taxed to the limit on Friday, February 6th, when the inter-Varsity debate takes place. Last year Alberta made a splendid showing both at home and at Winnipeg, and won the new McGoun trophy, which had just been offered by Prof. A. F. McGoun, for the winning university in the Triangle Debating League. Three of the men who were instrumental in winning that trophy last year met the famous Oxford debaters last November, and added still further to Alberta's debating reputation. These two debates have stimulated a keen interest in debating among both the students and the citizens of Edmonton.

This year, on account of the "old standbys" having been used against Oxford, all three universities find themselves dependent upon new blood for their inter-Varsity Debating teams, and much interest is shown in view of this meeting of "dark horses." Manitoba is sending Robt. Campbell Brown, a 4th year student in Agriculture, and David A. MacLennan, a 2nd year student in Theology, to uphold the negative of the resolution: "Resolved, that the Senate of Canada should be abolished," while Ray Kinick, 3rd year Arts, and Donald MacKenzie, 2nd year Arts, constituting Alberta's affirmative team, will urge the necessity for abolition. The negative team, Eric Cormack, Agriculture, and Max Wershof, Arts, will travel to Saskatoon, to meet Messrs. Clark and Graham of the U. of S.

The subject is one that is very much to the fore at the present moment, and lends itself to a semi-humorous treatment. No battle of statistics this, but rather one of quickness of wit. It will be interesting to note the effect of the Oxford style upon our methods of debate.

There are whispers of additional treats that same evening. Not only will the orchestra be present to soothe our savage breasts (Junior tests all that week), but it is expected that Dr. Williams, the celebrated Hindu leader, will be a distinguished visitor at the debate.

NO ISSUE NEXT WEEK

There will be no issue of The Gateway next week. It has been the custom in the past to publish only three issues in February and three in March. So with Junior tests looming up in the offing, The Gateway staff have felt this an opportune time for declaring themselves a newspaper holiday.

his grandfather being a Buddhist priest who was converted to Christianity. He is a graduate of Jafna College, Ceylon, and of Serampore Theological College, Bengal. He has been in Britain for the past five years doing post-graduate work in education and theology, and is the holder of degrees from Cambridge and Edinburgh in these branches of study. Mr. Williams has been doing special work with the Indian students there, and now on his return to India is making a study of American and Canadian university life. A brilliant scholar, a fluent and delightfully interesting speaker, Mr. Williams will possibly be the most popular visitor to the university this year.

THE PRESIDENT'S MEMORIAL MESSAGE

To All Members of the University:

I cannot tell you the pleasure it gives me to know that again an effort is being made to raise the funds necessary to build a memorial to those of our numbers who fell in the Great War. You need hardly be reminded of the terrible days of 1915-16-17, even though in the security of today they sometimes seem unreal and far off. It was all very real then; the foundations of our civilization were being shaken by the most terrible calamity in human history. The British Empire had become involved on a question of honor, and our security as well as that of every part of the British Commonwealth was endangered. Today, it is easy to look back and in a critical spirit question the motives of those who issued the call to the colors, but in that terrible hour those who thought at all acted without question from the highest motives. It was under these circumstances that within three years, without waiting for conscription laws to be passed, numbers from the student body equal to the total student

registration in a year joined the colors, and with them approximately fifty per cent. of the teaching staff of the University. They knew that facing war meant facing death, yet with cheerful if saddened hearts they went. They were of our best, the finest scholars and athletes in the University, and we assured them they would not be forgotten.

After signing the Peace, a Memorial Committee was organized to do what you are undertaking today, and then there came upon us like a deluge the after-effects of the war. While we did not forget, the pressure of circumstances made action difficult. My own feeling today is that no pressure of circumstances should have prevented us from going forward. It is useless, however, to regret what cannot now be remedied. I sincerely hope that the Memorial Committee, having again put its hand to the plow, will not turn back, and that all the members of the University will throw themselves with energy and zeal into the movement and maintain their interest until the work is completed.

H. M. TORY.

War Memorial Movement Begun Six Years Ago

Original Objective \$50,000, But Financial Depression Prevented Successful Campaigning—Matter, Revived Last Fall, Has Been Gaining Impetus Steadily

The project of a memorial to commemorate those who enlisted for active military service was taken up by the Senate of the University of Alberta at its meeting of May 3rd, 1917, at which time a small committee was appointed to prepare an Honor Roll. At that time it was thought too soon to take any action of a permanent nature regarding a memorial to those who had fallen.

The first move toward the latter project came before the Senate on December 13, 1918, when the following recommendation was read from the General Faculty Council:

"That the Senate of the University be asked to appoint a committee representative of all the interests of the University in connection with the gathering together of historical matter and arrangements for a suitable memorial representative of the University's connection with the Great War."

First Campaign

This recommendation was adopted, the former committee was relieved of its duties, and a committee was appointed representing the Board of Governors, the Senate, the Administration, the Faculty, the Alumni Association, the Comforts Club, and the undergraduates. This committee consisted of 26 members, and was granted power to add. With Chief Justice Harvey (Chairman of the Board of Governors) in the chair, it had a number of meetings, the outcome of which was the decision that a fund of \$50,000 should be raised to provide for a physical memorial and a general memorial fund, including memorial scholarships, and a memorial volume.

The sub-committee on finance began its work, and a number of subscriptions were received and placed temporarily in the hands of the Bursar of the University as a loan fund for returned men. The financial depression of the following years, however, made it seem inopportune to proceed with the canvass.

In the meantime, it seemed to the

General Memorial Committee that something might be done by the Alumni Association, since it consisted of those naturally most interested in the project, the friends and associates of the boys who had enlisted. It was accordingly appointed as the sub-committee on finance. Under the leadership of its president, W. Dixon Craig, considerable progress was made, but, with changing officials, the matter became inactive.

Present Movement Begins
Last autumn, the new officials of the Alumni Association, finding on their books that they had been officially appointed by the General Memorial Committee as the sub-committee on finance, asked that a meeting of the General Committee be called. At that meeting they asked direction as to whether they were to proceed with the canvass and as to whether the \$50,000 was still to be the objective. They also asked that a definite objective for the physical memorial should be decided upon.

As a result of a preliminary meeting of the local members of the General Memorial Committee, held on November 4th, 1924, it was moved by W. Dixon Craig, seconded by Chancellor Stuart, and carried, that: "It is the opinion of this meeting that a memorial organ, erected in Convocation Hall at a cost not to exceed \$12,000.00, would be a suitable form for the physical memorial to take, and that this project be placed before a regular meeting of the committee to be called shortly."

It was the wish of all present that in addition to such a memorial organ, if decided upon, there should be preserved in some place of prominence about the building, a bronze tablet containing the names of those who had perished in the Great War.

The above was approved by a regular meeting of the committee held on December 6th, 1924, and the Alumni Association was asked to continue to act as the committee on finance.

The readers of this paper are fairly well acquainted with recent developments, and the above historical sketch, it is hoped, will give the undergraduates and others who are interested a true perspective of the movement.

SYMPHONY CONCERT WELL RECEIVED

"Highland Memories" and "Out of the New World" Very Well Presented — Mrs. Carmichael Soloist

In the New Empire theatre Sunday evening the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Vernon Barford, presented a very delightful program. In keeping with Robbie Burns' day, "Highland Memories," by Hamish MacCunn, was rendered.

Mrs. J. B. Carmichael, the Symphony's popular soloist, sang "O Don Fatale" with rare artistry and came back with a very appropriate encore, "O Laddie." Both were received with whole-hearted applause. The orchestral accompaniment throughout was excellent, giving due predominance to the solos.

"Highland Memories" is composed of three Scottish scenes, "By the Burnside," "On the Loch" and the "Harvest Dance." The rendition of this number left no doubt as to its national color. The slow, graceful and delicate harmony with delightful modulations proved charming. There is nothing very distinctive about the first two scenes. The "Harvest Dance" seemed to be the most appreciated of the three scenes, perhaps because of its brilliance and gaiety.

Dvarak's Symphony, "From the New World," was the heaviest number of the program. It is written in E Minor and is founded exclusively on folk themes, hence its uniqueness. These themes are selected from negro and Indian melodies of this continent and from the folk songs of Bohemia, where the composer spent most of his life.

The rendition of Dvarak's composition by the orchestra was remarkably good on the whole. There were a few weak spots, the brass were frequent offenders. However, the horns merit recognition for the beautiful romantic effect they brought out in "Largo," while the oboes and lilting flutes added much elegance. The "Scherzo" and "Allegro" movements were the most pleasing to the audience; usually vivace movements are well received. It is said that Dvarak soared above his limitations in writing this composition. It is a masterpiece and requires a great deal of genuine practice and study, to even approximate the author's intention, and the E.S.O. deserves much credit for the degree of excellence they achieved in presentation of this major number.

PRESS CLUB MEETING

There will be a meeting of the Press Club held some time next week. Watch the boards for announcement of the date.



The McGoun Cup, emblematic of the Western Universities Debating Championship. The Alberta team, the present holders, will defend it on February 6.

WELCOME, 'TOBA

The Manitoba Women's Basketball team will be Alberta's guests on Friday evening, when they will attempt to wrest the Western Universities Basketball championship from the Varsity team.

We all have pleasant recollections of our former Manitoba visitors, both as sportsmen on the field and just as co-eds on the campus. We assure them of our hearty welcome and wish them a pleasant sojourn here.

PIPER PRESIDENT FRESHMAN CLASS

Lawrence S. Piper was elected President of the Freshman Class at the organization and election meeting held last Wednesday. Piper defeated his opponent, Hobbs, by a vote of 72 to 52.

Working with the president on the new executive are Miss Dorothy Lines, vice-president; George Field, secretary-treasurer, and Miss Mona Tredway, Martin Johnson and Arthur Wilkinson.

The meeting was notable because of the large attendance and the remarkably good speeches made by the fifteen candidates. Mark Levey, President of the Students' Union, presided over the meeting, and Bruce Macdonald acted as returning officer.

THE GATEWAY

Undergraduate newspaper published weekly by the
Students' Union of the University of Alberta



Editor-in-Chief Wesley T. Watts
Associate Editor Kenneth MacKenzie
Managing Editor Wesley Oke
Business Manager E. B. Wilson
Advertising Manager Stanley Ross
Circulation Manager Anna Wilson

THE FIRST SUPPLEMENT

In conjunction with this issue The Gateway is publishing its first Literary Supplement.

The idea of a literary supplement is not a new one, but is rather the result of the conceptions and efforts of former editors. By bringing articles of literary value together under a more attractive arrangement, interest should be augmented both from the standpoint of contributor and reader.

A literary supplement has attractive possibilities. Students gathered from the whole extent of three pioneer provinces should possess a pleasing variety of ideas and experiences. The supplement offers a medium for the exchange of these ideas, which will be all the more valued coming from men and women who are faced with similar problems. Furthermore, material gleaned from other and older universities and from the current writings, educational in their nature, may be added later to make the supplement more comprehensive.

But whatever be the possibilities for the literary supplement in the future, what it accomplishes now depends primarily on its contributors. The response for this issue has been a generous one, and many of the articles display considerable literary talent. With a continuance of the whole-hearted support of those interested in a literary page, The Gateway can hope with reason that the possibilities of the literary supplement may be fully realized.

UNANIMOUS RESPONSE NEEDED

The Students' Council made a most encouraging contribution to the coming Memorial Fund campaign when at their last meeting they voiced their definite approval of the organ as a war memorial.

The Council set an example of concord which the student body would do well to follow. The sum of twelve thousand dollars, though well within our capabilities, is a large objective to raise. Any differences of opinion we may have had must be cast aside and unanimity fostered if the financial drive to obtain this sum is to be a success.

There should not and will not be any request for large contributions from the individual student. Rather a unanimous response from the student body would be much more desirable—a response which would not only have good results financially, but would indicate a spirit of concord that would be a most significant contribution to the war memorial.

Failure to respond to the appeal of the Memorial Committee would be to our lasting discredit—success, which is bound to come with a united effort, will result in a memorial to which we will always look back with deserving pleasure.

APROPOS

The Dramat is looking for a successful climax to their year when they present "The Admirable Crichton," on March 12 and 13. The cast chosen for the year's play is an experienced one, all of its members having shown their dramatic talent in previous senior or inter-year plays. This Barrie production in March should prove a real treat.

In spite of energetic leaders, revised song sheets and criticism adverse or otherwise, the Rooters' Club still shows much need for revival. The fault seems to rest with its diffident members, many of whom keep a stolid silence when their vocal efforts are called for. Two basketball teams from Manitoba will visit Alberta during the next few weeks. Their coming should give us an opportunity to show that the genuine rah-rah spirit is still very much alive, even though temporarily dormant.

When Professor Adam was asked to design the heading for the Literary Supplement he gladly consented, putting it as "his contribution to the supplement." We all realize how much this contribution adds to the attractiveness of this first literary issue, and sincerely thank Mr. Adam for the time and pains he took in designing it.

CHIEF JUSTICE'S MESSAGE

Chief Justice Harvey, chairman of the Memorial Committee, in response to The Gateway's request, kindly consented to speak through its columns to the undergraduate body concerning the memorial. His communication, addressed to "the Alumni, Undergraduates and friends of the University of Alberta," is reproduced below.

When in 1914 our country called its citizens to its aid to meet the menace to civilization no class of the community responded more promptly than did the graduates and undergraduates of our universities, and no university was more generously and efficiently represented than our own, whose members went forth in their patriotic zeal without thought of danger and regardless of any consequence, but mindful only of their duty to their state and their fellows. As we know, many of them did not return, and of those who did many are handicapped for life.

Those of us who remained and reaped the reward of their sacrifice surely also have a duty, which is to see that their sacrifice bears fruit; and one of the best ways of effecting this is to ensure its memory being cherished and its example being held before those who remain and those who will come after.

The form of the memorial is not so important as the fact of it, but it is thought that an organ will represent an ideal which would have appealed to those whose memory it is desired to perpetuate, and that a fund for assisting by scholarships the descendants or relatives of those who served will be some slight return for their sacrifice. The late Right Hon. A. L. Bifton, the first Chief Justice and afterwards Premier of the Province, some time before his death, contributed one thousand dollars to the fund for these purposes, and others have contributed further sums, nearly all of which have so far been



Alas, There Were No Males

Only six Pembinites attended the Colonial Ball, and the dance broke up at an early hour.

Some one just told us that you can always tell a Calgary man—but you can't tell him much.

Hobbs, returning from the Punch bowl: "Shall we sit this one out?"
Fair Freshette (sniffing): "No, let's walk it off."

Sweet young thing in The Gateway office yesterday: "Where's the Editor?"
Office Boy: "Makin' up."
S.Y.T.: "You fresh thing."

There was a young feller name Oke,
Who caught on his beak a hard poke.
They gave him to sniff
A bottle of whiff,
And he drank more than half, the young soak.

Lacusta: "Well, if anything goes wrong, I can always drive the wolf from the door by singing."
Verna Graham: "I didn't know wolves were musical."

Some horrible tales have been floating around about Casserole. It appears that some time recently he insulted a young lady in The Gateway office by swearing at her. This we are empowered to assure the world is a base lie. Probably she just happened to come in when he was writing this column.

In keeping with our new resolution, we have just turned down six jokes submitted by Don Morrison. Gol-dingle dash it!

Tavender (swallowing hard): "Is this love, this intense tightening of the throat that nearly chokes me?"

Wise Young Lady: "No. It's hiccoughs."

A hair on the head is worth two on the brush.

Things we need: An expectorator in The Gateway office for the fog ends; some jests, pure as the driven snow and yet funny enough to make the shade of Bob Edwards split his coffin laughing; two bits; somebody to answer our name in lectures.

It is rumored that McCoppin, who used to have an undertaking establishment in the city, has bought over the Tuck Shop. It is not known for sure whether he has completely severed his connection with his former business yet. In any event we understand that the Tuck in future will make a special feature of coffin rolls and embalmers fluid, brown and white, formerly dished out by Lucille under the names of cawfee and milk.

Official Notice

Mildred Hamon has promised a Tuck feed to Stan Ross and Ernie Wilson if they will keep her name out of Casserole. Why don't people try that on the editor?

Jimmy's Lament

'Twas a cold crisp winter's evening,
Not a street car was in sight,
When our little mustached hero
Ventured forth into the night.

With a rendezvous at ten to nine
And it being half-past eight,
He sped along the highway,
That he might not be late.

His curly little mustache
Was looking slick and smart,
He was going to the supper dance
With the lady of his heart.

At Pem. a fair maid had told him
His lady was not there,
And slowly Jimmy realized
She'd given him the air.

And then through his befuddled brain
He remembered in a trance,
That jestingly he'd dared her
Not to go with him to dance.

What he had said unmeaningly
She'd taken to be true.
He stumbled out of Pembina,
Dumbfounded, dazed and blue.

The dancers at the cabaret
That self-same eve did see
A sad and lonely little man
Gaze in most mournfully.

His pale and haggard features
His agony betrayed,
For he had lost the greatest game
That he had ever played.

Love is the greatest passion
That ever there can be,
But in this little story
'Twas killed by vanity.

used to relieve by way of temporary loan the financial difficulties of those who had served with desire to continue their university work. Little of that is available at present for the permanent purposes, but most of it will, we hope, later be so available.

Alumni Associations of the University of Toronto raised \$250,000.00, of which over \$200,000.00 was used in the erection of a memorial tower. Over \$150,000.00 was used for loans to students, which as it is being repaid is being made available for scholarships and fellowships.

In proportion to our numbers our members did not fall behind either in their response to their country's call or in the extent of their sacrifices, and I feel confident that in the present appeal the answer will be no less emphatic.

HORACE HARVEY,

Chairman of Memorial Committee.

COUNCIL APPROVE
ATHLETIC GRANTS

Hockey Given Loan for Trip to
Saskatoon—Guarantee of \$300
Sanctioned for Imperial
Debating Tour

OTHER ITEMS

Amendments Considered—Union
to Take Initiative in Appoint-
ing Memorial Campaign
Committee

Provision for financial backing in the cases of the travelling athletic teams and the proposed imperial debating project, amendments to the constitution and the memorial were the main items of business considered by the Council at its meeting held Friday, January 23.

A motion was passed that a guarantee of \$300 be provided to allow for the proposed visit of an imperial debating team to Alberta next fall. It was pointed out that arrangements for the visit of the imperial team were as yet tentative, but that if they were to make the trip the debaters from the old land had to be assured of support. In view of the financial surplus realized from the recent Alberta Oxford debate there seemed every possibility that the prospective international debate next fall would meet with like success.

Grants for Athletics
It was moved and carried that the one hundred dollars guaranteed at a former meeting, be turned over to the Women's Basketball Club. The Council also ratified the arrangements of the Women's Hockey Club concerning their trip to Winnipeg and other points, which will take place about February 1st.

That the Men's Basketball team from Manitoba visit Alberta on February 9 was given the Council's approval. The Alberta basketball team are making all their own financial arrangements without calling for any additional contribution from the general fund.

The monotony of a series of approvals was broken when Mr. Barclay asked for a loan in support of the hockey team, which will play against the University of Saskatchewan team at Saskatoon next month. After some discussion the surplus of the soccer budget, together with a loan of one hundred dollars was turned over to the Men's Athletic General fund. About \$340 will be the cost of the trip to Saskatchewan, but there is a guarantee of \$200, and the extra loan will complete the sum necessary to make the trip.

Amendments and Memorial
A sheaf of amendments were submitted to the Council, all of which were sanctioned, final ratification depending on the wishes of the Students' Union meeting of January 28. Amendments as regards the Swimming Club, decorations for Women's Athletics and concerning a change in date for student elections made up the trio considered.

That the Students' Council go on record as favoring a pipe organ as a memorial, and that a committee be appointed at the next Union meeting to carry on the Memorial Fund campaign among the students, was the motion which resulted from the Council's discussion of the memorial. An alternative motion that the Council appoint the campaign committee was defeated. It was agreed that, if possible, a special meeting of the Union would be arranged for, to deal exclusively with the University Memorial.

The Medical Club's request for permission to improve the common room in the Med building was granted. A letter was read from the secretary of the Student Relief movement, in which the student body were asked their co-operation with this movement. The Council showed itself sympathetic to student relief. A motion that the representatives of the Student Relief movement here be given an opportunity to bring their appeal before the first Union meeting in February was carried.

GOOD PROGRESS
ON YEAR BOOK

Book Fast Taking Shape—To Be
Practically One-Fifth Larger
Than Ever

What promises to be one of our largest and most complete annuals is now being compiled by the Green and Gold editors.

The aim of the staff has been to make the book of equal interest to Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior. New write-ups, novel engravings, cartoons, sketches and illustrations are lavishly displayed throughout, assuring it being a real "all round" publication. From present indications the new volume will be approximately one-fifth larger than any previous issue, and no effort is being spared to give every club, group and society representation.

Final Dates Set

To avoid disappointment, the attention of all students is called to the following dates, which are absolutely final:

1. Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors must have their pictures taken at McDermid's Studio on 101st Street, not later than Friday, Feb. 6th. Do not forget to call and select the proofs you prefer.

2. All Senior epitaphs must be in by Saturday, Feb. 7. Do it NOW. Unless through special arrangements, the Year Book management will not be responsible for omissions caused by failing to keep within these dates. A special endeavor is being made to have the volume out early this year, and as this can only be accomplished through the co-operation of all, your sincere endeavors would be greatly appreciated by the staff.

Walk - Rite's
3rd Annual SaleMen's Shoes on Latest
Last and in all Leathers

\$4.85 up

Women's Shoes in Patents,
Suedes, Kids, in Gores,
Straps, and Pump Effects

\$3.95 up

WALK - RITE

SHOE STORE: 101st STREET, EDMONTON
BETTER SHOES FOR LESS

Young Men's
Watches

in Gold Filled or in nickel
cases, 7-jewel and 15-jewel.

Priced from \$10 up

Guaranteed by

Jackson Bros.

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Opposite Macdonald Hotel
on Jasper

Service and
Satisfaction

The idea behind every sale we make, the purchaser a satisfied customer. When we do this, we too are satisfied. Make this your clothing store.

Aitken's Clothes
Shop

10121 101st Street

Macdonald Hotel

WHY FREEZE AT OUTDOOR SPORTS WHEN YOU CAN
BE COMFORTABLE AT A MAC DINNER
OR DANCE

Every Suit and Overcoat
IN OUR STORE

On Sale at Reduced Prices
GOOD SUITS, \$18.95 AND UP

Frank Dunn
Limited
101st STREET
Near Woolworth's

PANTAGES
VAUDEVILLE

THIS WEEK—THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Lola Girle and Senia
In
"TERPSICHOREAN TID-BITS"

Gaffney and Walton
"Meet The Wife"

Le Marie and Ralston
In "A BAD MOVE"

Madeline and Apula Miller
Assisted by Brother Bob, in
"Assorted Harmonies"

Vardell Brothers
AMERICA'S EXPONENTS OF
DANGER ART AND SKILL
Featuring their Original Dangerous
"Chute Dive." With feet to feet
catch this is positively the most
thrilling trick performed on the
American stage

Frank and Ethel Carmen
In "Surprises"

Chapter Eight
"THE GO-GETTERS"

Matinee 3:00

Evenings 8:30



SPORTS

Edited by Ross Henderson



Alberta vs. Manitoba Women's Basketball Game, Friday, January 30th

VARSITY LOSES SECOND CONTEST

Soldiers Invaded Varsity Gym and Return With 38-27 Score

HARD CHECKING GAME

Referee Butchart Handled Game in Strict Manner—K. Crozier Gets 17 Points

The 49th Battalion quintette of basketball players advanced another notch towards the city championship when they defeated the green and gold aggregation in the Varsity gym last Saturday night. The score was 38-27, and is a fair indication of the play. The game was marked with an abundance of close, hard checking, with the result that many free throws were awarded during the evening by Referee Butchart, who had his hands full keeping the officials and players in order. Doc Dunsworth and Husband each drew the maximum of four personal fouls, and were forced to leave the game during the second half.

The long reaching and weight of the soldier boys stood them well, and it was only in this department that the Varsity flashes were outclassed. Time and time again they intercepted passes from high up, and the Varsity boys were unable to put up much opposition when they couldn't reach the ball. John Crozier, captain and forward, was the outstanding player on the floor, notching seventeen points for his team, and playing a beautiful passing game throughout. George Parney, teaming with Crozier on the forward line, still retained his old-time form, and stepped into the limelight with twelve points. McAllister and Dunsworth put up a stonewall defence for the militia men, McAllister adding four points to his team's total.

The scoring for the Varsity tilters was distributed fairly well, with Captain Muir and O'Brien leading with six points apiece, followed by Stevens with five and Galbraith with four. O'Brien at centre turned in the star performance of the evening, notching

VARSITY SQUAD LEAVE FOR SASK.

Senior Puck Chasers Go to Saskatoon for Exhibition Tilt with University of Saskatchewan

The University of Alberta Senior hockey team leave Wednesday noon for Saskatoon, where they will meet the fast-stepping rubber chasers from the University of Saskatchewan in an exhibition game. The boys are all in excellent condition, but are ready for the stiffest opposition. They have had a lay-off now of over a week, during which time they have put in several hard practices. Manager McMillan is very optimistic over the outlook, but states that there is no over-confident feeling among the boys, who will put forth their best from going to gong.

Dr. Hardy, coach of the U. of A. hockey wielders, will be in charge of the crew, and the others to make the trip will be MacDonald, Williams, Runge, Morris, Powers, Foster, Scott, Cairney, Lawton and Manager McMillan.

The boys leave Wednesday, will play in Saskatoon on Thursday night. They will leave for home on Friday, and will arrive back Saturday evening.

ing two baskets from the centre of the floor within the first three minutes of play to the amazement of the military troupe. This boy is new at the game, but is sure a comer, and turned in an all-around performance for the evening. The score at half-time was 22-14, and the second half was more even, the soldiers getting 16 points to Varsity's 13. The final gong found the score at 38-27, with both teams fighting hard.

The line-ups were as follows:
49th Battalion—K. Crozier (5), centre; Parney (12), J. Crozier (17), forwards; McAllister (4), Dunsworth (defence); subs, Conrad, Whitelaw.
Varsity—H. O'Brien (6), centre; Stevens (5), Muir (6), forwards; Husband (5), Bryndleson, defence; subs, Galbraith, McLaren.
Bill Hanna and Elie Butchart handled the whistles.

VARSITY BOXERS SHOW UP WELL

Five Varsity Entrants Put On Good Exhibitions for Northern Alberta Championships

BARKER WINS BY KNOCKOUT
W. Oke and C. S. Fraser Also Turn in Wins—R. N. Fraser Shows Up Well

The Northern Alberta Boxing championships were held at the Memorial Hall last Thursday night, and a capacity audience witnessed the boxers put on some thirty rounds of excellent fighting. Though several of the bouts were of average calibre, there were enough others to lift the bill high above the ordinary. The wins via the knockout route provided the thrills of the evening, Ernie Zurk in the 118 lb. class putting F. Cram down while the referee did his arithmetic; Stan Barker, carrying the Varsity colors, looked far better than last year, and it took him less than one round to dispose of Roland Gale in the 160 lb. novice class. Miles Palmer, of Eskimo rugby fame, provided the third K.O. This was nearly anticipated, as there are few boxers in these parts that can stand up under the terrific onslaught of the Morris school man.

Five Varsity boxers took part in the bill, and considering the fact that this was the first opportunity most of them have had to perform in public, their exhibitions were good. C. S. Fraser and R. N. Fraser, two auburn-haired brothers of Vegreville, carried the green and gold in the 126 lb. class. "R.N." drew Jim Moffat of Clover Bar, and after three exciting rounds the decision was given to the coal miner. "C.S." drew Art Plack of Edmonton, and put on a fine exhibition for the fans to win the fight. These two Fraser boys are young at the game, and about all they lack is experience. The boys showed plenty of grit and willingness to mix it. This, coupled with the experience gained this year, will certainly help them toward a championship or two in the near future.

Oke and Bullock, two Varsity entrants in the 147 lb. class, drew against one another, and put on a lively hit and take exhibition. Oke, being more aggressive, won his bout, but he received several cracks on the nose that put him out of commission for the final draw. As a result the championship for this section was won by J. Wynnychuk by default, Oke being unable to enter the ring.

Stan Barker, as previously stated, was the fifth Varsity entrant, and drew against a tall, slim youth, Roland Gale of the Y.M.C.A. Barker started at the first gong, sending Gale down to the canvas several times during the first round, and finally with a right cross he was forced to stay down.

The successful showing of the Varsity entrants in the boxing tournament is almost directly the result of the hard work and training of Mr. Carlton Taylor, who has shown an intense interest in the boxing club, and the untiring efforts of the president, Mr. Stan Barker. Stan has left little undone for the welfare of the boys, and has certainly put the fight game on its feet around these parts.

COM-LAW DEFEAT ENGINEERS 4-3

Take Former Engineer Team to Camp in Inter-Faculty Hockey Contest

The renovated Com-Law team in the Inter-faculty Hockey League stacked up against the Agsci aggregation at the South Side rink Friday night and turned in a win by the close score of 4-3. The game was exceptionally fast for inter-faculty hockey from the face-off, and those present were treated to a lightning display.

Lou Shulman, in goal for the lawyer commercials, turned in a fine performance, and the lawyers' win is largely the result of his work. R. D. Henderson, Harrison, R. Henderson and Taylor worked well on the forward line for the winners, the latter especially turning in a fine performance, tricking the entire former engineer sextette on several occasions.

Melnik and Waines were the outstanding stars for the losers, both putting forth good exhibitions of stick handling. There was very little team play on either side, the Com-Law crew alone showing the only prospects during the game.

The Com-Laws notched two goals within the first five minutes, Henderson getting the first on a pass from Taylor, and Taylor getting the second on a beautiful individual effort when he went through the defence, giving McBeath little chance to save. The period ended 2-1 for the winners. The second period resulted in the business men adding two goals while the engineers added one. The third period, with the score 4-2 in their favor, found the Law-Com outfit playing purely defensive hockey. Waines got the lone marker of the period for the farmers, and the game ended 4-3 for Com-Law.

Aubrey McMillan handled the game, which was free from rough play, to the satisfaction of both teams.

The line-ups were as follows:
Com-Law..... goal Agsci
Shulman..... defence McBeath
English..... defence Waines
Beach..... Melnyk
R. Henderson..... forwards Wallace
Taylor..... Grindley
R. D. Henderson..... Thompson
McDonald..... subs Jones
Thompson
Fuog

Goal Summary
First period—Com-Law, R. Henderson from Taylor; Com-Law, Taylor unassisted; Agsci, Melnyk unassisted.

Second period—Com-Law, R. Henderson from R. D. Henderson; Agsci, Melnyk unassisted; Com-Law, Taylor unassisted.

Third period—Agsci, Waines unassisted.

VARSCONAS DEFEAT VARSITY 28-13

Ex-Varsity Team Takes Measure of Green and Gold Quarets in Opening Encounter

The newly-formed Varscona basketball squad, aspirants for the provincial championship, defeated the fair Varsity quintette in the first game of the provincial play-off last Thursday night in the Varsity gym. The score was 28-13 and is a fair indication of the play during the last two periods, although at the end of the first two sessions the score was 12-9, play being about even.

Gladys Fry was the shining light for the Varscona crew with nine points to her credit, followed by Helen Beny, last year's Varsity captain, with six points, and M. Mountfield, a sister of the famous Eleanor, with 5 points. Sparkie Alexander was the outstanding star of the game and of the Varsity quintette. Her eleven points were all the result of beautiful efforts, and her all round playing was far above the average. The defence put up by Mary Cooper and Marjorie Weir for the green and gold was stone-wall during the first two periods, but they eased up for

(Continued on page four)

BOXING AND WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIPS

The first championship Varsity boxing and wrestling tournament is to take place on Feb. 12th under the direction of the Boxing Club. This meet is open to all students of the University and all classes will be represented. This will provide ample opportunity for every man to show his stuff, and should attract a large number. The meet will be held in the gymnasium, and entries are to be in the hands of the president of the Boxing Club, Stan Barker, not later than Feb. 10th. So get together, fellows, bring some honor to your faculty, and help put this first Varsity competition over big.

INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL

The Varsity Intermediate Basketball squad is entered along with the Fusiliers and the Y.M.C.A. in a league for the city championship. The following is the league schedule: Fusiliers vs. Y.M.C.A., at "Y," Jan. 21.

Varsity vs Fusiliers, at Armories, Jan. 26.
Y.M.C.A. vs Varsity, at "Y," Jan. 28.
Y.M.C.A. vs Fusiliers, at Armories, Jan. 30.
Y.M.C.A. vs Varsity, at Varsity, Feb. 2nd.
Fusiliers vs Varsity, at Varsity, Feb. 6th.

All games start at 8 p.m., and home team is to supply referee.

DON'T MISS SEEING
FRIDAY NIGHT'S
JOURNAL
PAGE 5

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VICTORIAS WIN HOCKEY GAME

Defeat Varsity Squad by 4-0 Score—McIntyre and Collingwood Star—Three Cornered Tie

The Varsity Senior Hockey troupe crossed sticks with the Victorias at the Arena last Wednesday night in a regular senior hockey fixture, and were forced to accept a 4-0 defeat. The game was fast from the start and it was evident that the Victorias needed a win, as they started from the first gong, getting two goals in quick succession. The second period went by scoreless, but the Vics added two more in the last session, to make the final score 4-0.

Collingwood and McIntyre starred for the winners with two goals apiece, while MacDonald in goal was the best for the losers.

The teams lined up as follows:

Varsity Vics
MacDonald..... goal King
Runge..... defence Ferris
Williams..... forwards McIntyre
Lawton Mahar
Powers Singleton
Morris Collingwood
Cairney Duggan
Foster Leonard
Boyle McMahon

Goal Summary
First period—Vics, Collingwood, 25.6; Vics, McIntyre, 7.10.
Second period—No score.
Third period—Vics, McIntyre, 3.31; Vics, Collingwood, 4.12.

At a recent meeting Harry Batstone, the great half-back was chosen to captain Queen's gridiron warriors next fall.

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INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT

MEDICINE

"W.A." and Bob Hicks wish to announce to the public that in future they will carry identification cards. They are adopting this drastic measure so that in future there will be no case of mistaken identity.

The Meds responded nobly to the call for help on Friday night in Athabasca. The boys were evidently under the impression that there had been another Pharmacy or Science banquet.

It's up to every Med. from the youngest Freshman to the most sophisticated Senior, to get behind those in charge of Med Nite. To put on such a night is a privilege shared by no other faculty, and because of its yearly success is becoming a tradition of the University. The heads of the different committees are hard at work, but they need the co-operation of all fellow Meds. Med Nites in the past have been eminently successful. It will be so again this year—if every one works with that end in view.

Since the Hislop trial is over, the doctors can expect a better attendance of 4th and 5th Meds at lectures and clinics. Not morbid curiosity, you know, but a better understanding of medical jurisprudence.

The Med Inter-faculty hockey team has planted itself in first place, and from all appearances should take root there. It looks as if they will pack home the silver goblet for the second successive time.

AGRICULTURE

The Agricultural students wish to extend their deepest sympathy to Wm. Malahar, who recently received word of his mother's death in England.

The Aggies' visit to Suicide Slide was most successful. Six toboggans were used, and there were no casualties. We are looking forward to another party of the same kind in the near future.

Mr. W. H. Tisdale, of the Canadian Wool Growers' Association, gave an interesting address on Monday morning, January 19th. He briefly outlined the benefits and aims of the association, and the sale of wool by the pooling method.

There is only one Gentleman in the university, and he is in the Agr. Faculty.

Come on, Aggs, the last date for turning in your epitaphs is February 7th.

PHARMACY

The next meeting will be of interest to the Seniors, as an arrangement is being made for the graduation picture. The B.Sc. students are asked to be sure and attend.

We heard that Charlie Becker can now count or tell you the number of lights on the High Level.

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Jerry Shapter appeared here for the week-end. Got the same spirit as any salesman—a misplaced ticklish thing on his upper lip. Perhaps it helps in strumming the banjo.

ALBERTA COLLEGE

The skating party put on by the College last Thursday evening was highly successful. A number of members of the McDougall Young Peoples' Society attended. After skating, the party returned to the College, where refreshments were served.

SCIENCE

At a meeting of the Mining and Geological Society held on Friday, January 23rd, Mr. C. H. Mealing gave an interesting talk on "Prospecting."

Mr. Mealing dealt with prospecting in the country north of Kimberley, B.C., citing some of his own experiences. The speaker pointed out that a knowledge of minerals, ores and mining were of great assistance to a prospector. Mr. Mealing concluded his address by speaking on claims and the laws of B.C. relative to mineral claims.

To complete the Science Snap page in the Year Book a few more prints are required. All the photographers are asked to look through their pictures and to kindly turn in to Mel. Gale any that would be of general interest, dealing with University life. Co-operation is required to make the Science section of the Year Book second to none.

It has just come to light that Mr. A. E. Leisemer has found a shortened form for solving all algebraic functions containing one or more variables. Mr. Leisemer, so far, only divulges the principle of his law, which is to multiply by $\frac{1}{2}$ zero.

A delightful informal tea was held in the Power Plant on Monday night, in honor of Mrs. Stewart's phenomenal development in alternating currents. The tea was poured by Mrs. Stewart, assisted by Mrs. Baldwin, and was of potent quality. Mrs. Gowan helped by hacking the bread, while Mrs. Kunat disdainfully turned up her nose at the pimento. Mrs. Tames furnished the spice for the occasion in the form of many witty aphorisms, her pipe being particularly pungent. After three cups of tea and one of cocoa, Mrs. Underwood was forced to retire from the combat, gracefully yielding the palm to those of greater capacity. No ill-effects have as yet been experienced from the cake donated to the cause by one too fair to mention in such company.

The highbrow Fifth Year Electricals attended the Symphony Concert in toto last Sunday, and all claim to have enjoyed it.

Pol. Ec. note: "Membership in the Knights of Labor was open to any wage-earner, but bartenders, lawyers, gamblers and crooks were excluded." Now we know how to classify the lawyers.

LAW

Rection—Fesance
A very charming wedding took place yesterday between Mr. Rection and Miss Fesance. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. Tort Fesance, while her little sister, little Miss Non Fesance, attended her as bridesmaid. During the signing of the register Miss Appropriation sang very feelingly "O Promise Me," accompanied by a negotiable instrument. Following their honeymoon the happy couple will take up their residence on Brad Street.

Bob Harrison says that his idea of a dumb law student is one who thinks that a man of straw is an Aggie student.

According to Jamieson and Rudd, eye-shades are going up.

It is to be hoped that the new proprietor of the Tuck Shop will find it to be a successful undertaking.

At the last meeting of the Law Club it was decided that the club should be represented by a cent of the Executive. At the same meeting it was also decided that the banquet would be called off for this year.

Of those who graduated in Law last year most have been placed in law offices. Turcotte is in Vegreville, and one of the stars of the hockey team. MacMillan is in Macleod, Ewart Stutchbury has started out for himself in Westlock, but had the tough luck to be burnt out the other day. Bill Demille was last heard from in Chicago. Of the remainder, most are in offices in Edmonton.

Tuesday will always be regarded as a gala day in the annals of the Law Library, for on this day a distinguished member of the second year, who desires to remain incognito, paid a flying visit there. He was able to find the room with the aid of a janitor, and was shown the repositories of the various reports by several of the first year students, and one or two Arts students, who happened to be present. We hope to see more of him in the future.

MANITOBA YELL

Learn This For Friday

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M-A-N-I-T-O-B-A!
Manitobaah!

ARTS VERSUS LAW IN FIRST DEBATE

Inter-Faculty Debating League Starts February 9—Six Teams Entered

All who attended the inter-Faculty debates last year acknowledge the debt we owe to H. D. McKay, last year's president of the Debating Society, for his initiative in starting this scheme. This year preparations have been made for the carrying on of these debates, with six faculties lined up. In addition to Arts, Agriculture, Law and Medicine, who were represented last year, both Science and Commerce are entering teams to uphold the honor of their respective faculties. In the first round, Arts are drawn against Law, Science against Commerce, and Medicine against Agriculture. Of the winning teams, one will draw a bye, and will meet the winner of the semi-final on March 16th.

The Meds, who won from Agriculture in the final debate last year, are determined to retain the trophy, while each of the other five faculties is equally determined to wrest it from them, so that some stirring verbal battles are in prospect.

There has been some discussion regarding the eligibility of men who have represented the University in any major debate to take part in the inter-faculty series. In view of the fact that the purpose of the Debating Society, and of the inter-faculty debating in particular, is to afford an opportunity for the training of our future inter-variety representatives, the executive of the Debating Society, after careful consideration, have decided that those who have represented the University in a major debate will not be eligible to compete in the inter-faculty series.

The first debate will take place on Monday, February 9, at 4:30, when Arts will take the affirmative and Law the negative of the following resolution: "Resolved, that an Arts course is economically justifiable."

WEDNESDAY'S SCORES

The results of the basketball games played Wednesday evening were as follows:
Men's Intermediate—
Y.M.C.A., 25; Varsity, 21.
Ladies' Senior—
Varsconas, 28; Varsity, 15.

UNION MEETING PASSES FOUR AMENDMENTS

(Continued from page one)

after some discussion was carried. A Permanent Pin
Mr. Flack moved that a committee consisting of the secretary of the Union and the four year presidents, be appointed to select a permanent design for a graduation pin, of which only the inscription for the year, "27", "26", would vary from term to term. Miss Buckley seconded this motion. Messrs. Ramsay and O'Brien felt that too much power was being delegated to that suggested committee, and introduced an amendment to the effect that the committee should merely recommend their choice to the Students' Union, with which body the final choice should rest. After some debate, the amendment was carried.

Constitution and Court
Mr. Davies moved that a committee be appointed to hasten the overhauling process to which the Union constitution is at present undergoing. The committee was to consist of the Misses Smith and Caswell and Messrs. Barclay, Watts, Herbert, Bryan, Macdonald and Mahaffy. The motion was seconded by Mr. Haworth. Mr. Bryan moved that the motion be amended by the addition of Mr. Davies' name to the committee list. This was seconded by Mr. Harwood, and carried.

Mr. Bryan made an important announcement to the effect that hereafter all records of Students' Court cases should be kept not only by the Court, but by the Provost and the Registrar, and that each of these reports will be available at the Registrar's office with the official university record of the student concerned.

VARSCONAS DEFEAT VARSITY 28-13

(Continued from Page 3.)

the last twenty minutes, when the Varsconas chalked up sixteen points. Varsity opened in a sensational manner, Sparkie Alexander notching three field baskets for the green and gold before the game was two minutes old. This lead was held throughout the first period, and it closed with Varsity on the long end of a 7-6 score. The next period was close, but with Helen Beny and May Mountfield on the floor, the Varsconas emerged leaders at the next rest by the score of 12-9.

In the last half Varsity were greatly handicapped on account of lack of substitutes. The players were tiring fast and with no one to relieve them had to go without a single point in the third period.

The fourth period was the slowest of all, with the Varsconas notching four points and Varsity three. The bell found the Varsconas leading by a 28-13 score.

Chet English and George Parney handled the whistles to the satisfaction of both teams.

The lineups were as follows:
Varsity—Alexander (11), right field; I. Scott (2), left field; D. Smith, centre; M. Cooper (Captain), right guard; M. Weir, left guard; subs, L. Scraba, B. Buckley.
Varsconas—L. Dobson (4), right field; G. Fry (9), left field; B. Mountfield (5), centre; E. Taylor, right guard; B. Buckham, left guard; subs, H. Beny (6), O. Caldwell (1), M. Mountfield (4), B. Carmichael (2).

COMMERCE CLUB VISITS DAIRY

Club Journeys to Woodland Dairy After Regular Luncheon—All Phases of the Business Discussed

Continuing the policy of bringing the theoretical side of their training in contact with the practical, the Commerce Club, accompanied by their hon. president, Mr. Race, and Professor Paton, visited the Woodland Dairy Tuesday afternoon, and spent several hours inspecting the plant and acquainting themselves with the dairy industry.

Immediately after their regular bi-weekly luncheon at the University, the club members left for the creamery, where they were met by Mr. Love, the manager, who at once commenced the interesting program he had prepared.

The history of the industry, its present position and future possibilities were dealt with briefly by the manager. Speaking of Alberta's position in dairying, Mr. Love was able to show clearly with the aid of maps and charts which he had in his office, the very favorable outlook for the dairy industry in this province, especially from the viewpoint of export trade.

The party next proceeded to view the plant, and in groups were conducted by Mr. Empey, Mr. Love and Mr. Reynolds to every department, each process being fully explained by the men in charge. In the ice-cream department many of the students were very interested, and all agreed that ice-cream making was indeed an art. Leaving this department somewhat tardily the office was inspected with its modern time-saving devices. The bookkeeping system was also examined by some of the senior students.

After thanking Mr. Love for what they considered the most entertaining and instructive visit yet made, the club returned to the University.

LECTURE ON ROMAN FORTS

There will be a meeting of the Mining and Geological Society in Room 142 Arts at five o'clock on Friday, February 6th, open to all graduates of the University. His subject is "The Gaer," an old Roman Fort in South Wales. Mr. Leaver has made a special study of these forts. The main theme of his address will be that the ancient Britons were more civilized at the time of the Roman invasion than our history books lead us to believe. Mr. Leaver promises to have many slides and exhibits of articles he has found in these forts to illustrate his subject. All students from all faculties are cordially invited to attend.

GET SONG BOOKS AT BOOKSTORE

Instead of publishing a cheer sheet for the basketball games this year, the Rovers' Club have decided to use the Varsity Song Book published last fall by the Students' Union. These books are on sale at the Bookstore, and they will also be on sale at the door before each of the games. Price for the books is 5c.

SUNDAY SERVICE

Dr. Tory will be the speaker at Convocation Hall next Sunday.

CUPS OF TEA

The Misses Louise Patterson, Marguerite Cooper, Frances Shillington, Dorothy McNicol and Thelma Twinton were hostesses at a most enjoyable party in Pembina on Saturday evening. Miss Cooper's mandolin and Miss E. Shillington's ukelele formed an excellent accompaniment to the many songs which formed a part of the evening's fun.

Miss Stella Ewing, who has been suffering from a sprained ankle, is again able to attend lectures.

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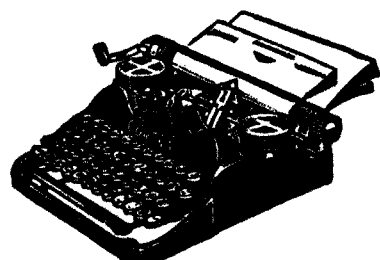
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SENIOR WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Varsity women's basketball team will tangle with the Varsconas at the Varsity gym Wednesday, January 28th, in the second game of the series for the right to meet the Grads for the provincial title.

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